

[John Raines]

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Rangelore.

Tarrant Co.Dist,.#7 [53?]

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John Raines, 75, living at 704 Grand Ave. Fort Worth, Texas, was born in Logan co, Ky, Mar 24, 1863. His father, Jack W. Raines, immigrated to Texas, in 1875 and located in Tarrant co, near Fort Worth, on land that is now a residential section of the city. Jach W. Raines engaged in farming for a livelihood.

John's Raine's first job was running errands for Barney Tucker, who operated a gin, farm and real-estate business. His next work was working as waterboy carrying water for the laborers constructing the Texas and Pacific railroad entering the city of Fort Worth during the year 1876. He next worked as a teamster hauling rock for the paveemnt on Main and Houston Streets in the city of Fort Worth. His next job was working as a cowboy for Steve [?].

He quit the range to go farming which vocation he followed for a livelihood there-after.

His story of range life follows:

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"I am a Kentuckian by birth and a Texan by adoption. My father, Jack W. Raines, was a farmer and cultivated land in Ky, [Logan co.?] where I was born. The date of my birth was Mar. 24, 1863. My father immigrated to Texas, in 1875 and located in Tarrant co. He setteled on land S. of Fort Worth, and farmed for a number of years at that location.

"All of Fort Worth, was then located N. of what is now Lancaster Ave. Almost the entire business was located around the present cite of the County Court House. My father's farm house faced what is now Hattie St., which is now densely [with?] residences.

"While a young lad I hunted game all over the section that is now refered to as S. Fort Worth, and wild game was plentiful.

"Like all other lads, during those early days, the first thing I learned to do was to ride and handle a hoss. C12 - 2/[?]/41 - [?] 2 That was necessary, because hoss back was the way we traveled, and in order to go places one had to ride or hoof it.

"My first job was in 1876 working as errand boy for Barney Tucker. Tucker ownerd a great many tracts of land and was a realestate dealer. He, also, operated a farm and cotton gin. I rode a [hoss?] going from one establistment to another and did odd jobs.

"The Texas and Pacific railroad builded into Fort Worth and I quit my job with Tucker, at his request, in 1876. I took the job as waterboy, carrying water to the workers. Mike and Jack Hurley were the contractors under whom I worked and they paid me a \$1. a day, which was very good wages for a boy those days.

"I started to carry water when the construction crew was about three miles E. of the city and I remained with the job till the road was layed around five miles E. of town.

"The work was done rapidly. Just so soon as the grade was completed the ties and steal were layed. The steel gang stayed right on the heels of the grading crew and the foremens were driving each crew every numite of the time.

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"The contractors were working against time due to some legislative condition, which required that the construction of the road be completed into Fort Worth at a specified time or lose some concession. When I started as a water boy the matter of time was urgent. The legislature was in session and there was some [skullduggery?] being used to give the road builders time to complete to job, but the matter was like a bubble and 3 fols folks were afraid that the bubble would burst with each new day.

"The citizens were interested greatly, because success of the interprise ment a railroad for Fort Worth, which Dallas then had, and everyone were anxious ot to have a railroad and be put on an equal with Dallas. Under the situtation, Dallas would have received the cow business, if Fort Worth failed to get the road.

"Many men werer released by their employers, as I were, to augment the construction crews.

"The men poured in on shovels, picks and mule teams building the grade. It sounded like bedlam, but the road was crawling into Fort Worth each minute of the day.

"Mule skimmers would be heard yelling at their teams and the snap of the blacksnake whip sounded above the din, as the sweating animals were hurried with slide loads of dirt. The high places were disappearing and the low spots were filling up making a way for the tier tiess and steel.

"It was warm summer weather, which made men and beast appear like all were dragged out of the water, but in face of the heat everyone hustled against time. I, with the other waterboys, carried enough water to float a ship, trying to satisfy the thirst of the sweating men.

"The women of the town entered into the race by organizing squads which went among the men with hot coffee, snadwiches and other chuck. Their chuck, smiles and cheering words helped to kep up the men's strenght and willingness and went a long way towards getting

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the job done. 4 “The work took on a carnival spirit among the motley crew of workers and everyone entered the work as though it was a race in which each individual had a personal prize at stake.

“The day finally arrived, July 19, it was, when an engine [?] rolled into town with its whistle blowing steadily, which announced that the race had been won, and Fort Worth had a railroad. That was a day of celebration and relaxation for the citizens.

“I stayed with the Hurley's for three months and a good spell of the [time?] was spent in building the railraid yards.

“When I quit carrying water I took a job working for W.R. Hurley. He put me to teaming hauling rock used for paveing Main and Houston streets. I hauled rocks from [?] of town, which stone were used for the gutters and curbs. The street rocks were shipped in from Dublin and Grandbury.

“Before the streets were paved, one did better riding hoss-back instead of in a vehicle over the streets. I have often seen rigs bogged down during a wet spell and during the dry spells the streets were a continuous mess of holes, ruts and bumps.

“For months, before the city officals [made?] final arrangements to have the streets paved, there were arguements concerning the matter and there was considerable punning back and forth among the citizens. There was a [?] mud hole in front of a business house run by one of the officals, who's name I can't recall now, and he was the butt of a [?] joek over the muddy streets. One morning when he came to open his place of business, there was 5 the tail of a hoss / sticking out of the mud hole. On the tail was a written note which read as follows: 'I tried to carry my owner up to your store to do some trading, but I drownded in your pond'. The tail had been cut off of some dead hoss and fastened to a stake which was driven into the ground.

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"During those days Fort Worth was a real cowtown. Where I came from, the only critters I ever saw was the few cattle the farmers raised for their own use. The first herd of critters that I saw drifting into Fort Worth had me flabgasted. It happened to be one that was over four miles long and better than a mile in width. The trail it followed entered town about where the St Joseph hospital is now located and run to or near hwere Taylor St. in located. The herd were turned at the lower end of Taylor St. [?] drifted E. to cattle pens that were located in the neighborhood of the intersection of Lancaster and Boaz Streets.

"I watched the waddies work the herd into the pens, watched the chuck wagon pull up and the belly-cheater [prepare?] supper. I watched the waddies line their flues and I watched a waddy mount his hoss and it pitched with him. All this, that I saw, created in me a hankering for cow work that I could not overcome. I kept pestering my parents to get their consent for me to join up with some [cow outfit?], but they would not agree to my request. I [continued?] to work for W.R. Hurley hauling material to his construction jobs until I was about 17 years old and then quit, because I had a chance to go on a ranch.

"I landed a place with Steve Russell's outfit. His camp was N. of Fort Worth and the cattle ranged over an open range. 6 Russell run around 2000 head of the Texas longhorn critters.

"Russell did not allow his critters to drift where they pleased and that required line riding night and day. The night ridiing was done by two men working a four shift, after which they were releaved by two others. During the day four men rode the line holding the herd on the grazing grounds.

"There were 10 men in the crew including the belly-cheater and the hoss wrangler and Wm Thompson was the top-screw. When a storm was drifting in on us, the whole crew stayyed with the critters and sometimes the cooky and the wrangler were called on to help out.

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"The country was more or less level prairie where we ranged the ranged the herd, but to the N. and W. of our location was a rolling brushy section. Those critters would always indicate when a pert strom was headed our way by becoming restless, two or three days before a storm hit. The animals [would?] hanker to drift towards the hills and brush. When the critters took it in their heads to drift, it took all hands to hold it back.

"Only one time did we fail to hold the hard. It was early spring and the day was balmy when the animals became fretful and wanted to drift west. We held the herd that day and night, but the entire crew had riding orders and had to stay with the herd. The critters never bedded down [that?] night and continued to mill on into the following day. Suddenly, about mid-day the temperature began to drop and went from warm to freezing in an hour's time. A sleet strom came in with the cold which was driven by a strong wind. 7 "When the sleet began to hit, the herd lit out on a run and got away from us waddies. We rode for an hour before we could get the herd to milling, but within an [hours?] time the herd got away again. We again put the animals into a turn, but it was not long till they were off again. They went on one run after another until they had us fighting for control in the rolling and brush country near Springtown.

"We waddies stayed in our saddles three days and two nights and the first day and night we rode against flying and cutting sleet. Our faces were raw from the hundreds of slight cuts the ice made. Our tape-worms were yelling for chuck, our peepers felt like lead from the lack of sleep, but never for one minute did we /let up on our work trying to hold that herd.

"Fatty Burk followed us with the chuck wagon and when the storm subsided so one or two of us drop out for a short spell, Fatty was there with warm coffee and chuck. That black coffee and chuck tasted better than any food I have even eaten. I was so famished that I could have eaten a skunk and drank its wiffy juice, and enjoyed the feast.

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"There were about 300 strays when we got the herd settled down. Two waddies were left to [?] the animals while the rest [?] drifted the herd back to their home range. The boys hunting strays located practically all the animals and drifted in with those three days later.

"We had numerous runs, but nothing like this one I just related. It was the worst spell of weather I ever faced while on the range. While I was hankering to work on a ranch I did not reckon on fighting a stampede for three days in a sleet 8 [?]

"When we returned to the camp I calculated on [quitting?], but after I became rested I changed my mind, because [?] old rawhides said the storm was the worst they had ever seen in the part of the country. Outside of the sleet storm, I enjoyed my work and our living was of the best so far as the food was concerned. Fatty Burk was a top chuck fixer and made the best of sour-dough bread that I ever have put me teeth into. Russell's orders to the cooky was to the effect that he would be given dragging orders, if he fell down on keeping the nose bag well filled with good chuck. Russell left it up to the cooky to order what supplies he needed.

"My wages were \$25, each month with flue linning included, so I had \$25. each month for 'baccy and clothes and amusement.

"For amusement we always rode into Fort Worth and those days there were plenty of varity in intertainment. Anything one looked for was there and one could shoot the works.

"Often, I have seen a bunch of cowhands drive everybody to cover shooting things up. The waddies did the shooting for the fun of seeing folks duck for cover. One night I was with a party of about 15 cowhands and we were having a good time. We [?] visited a lot of places in the Rush St. district (now Commerce). All were at the point when our hats fit better at the rear of our heads than on the top, which was a sign that most anything could expected to start popping. We lit into a place which we always refered to as 14 Rush. A bar, dance hall, gambling and queans was its combination business. 9 "We stood at the bar [?] pizen

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and then a shot put out a light suddenly. The first shot was followed by others quickly, and all the lights were out before a person had time to figure what was taking place. Soon as the first shot was fired, folks began to run for cover as a bunch of rats scamper for their hole. In the flight, some stumbled over chairs, some over tables and some over one another.

"We stepped outside, when all the lights wererout on the inside, and some of us shot out the street lights which were in the district while others shot in the air. The folks on the street ducked for cover pronto, including two laws. When all the street lights were out, in the square and we couldn't see any humans, we mounted [?] hosses and said goodnight to the town.

"The next day was payoff time for the damage we did, so before the boys parted a jackpot was made up, which was turned over to Thompson and he returned the next day to make payment for the lights we destroyed.

"I was with a cousin of mine one night and we went down to visit a honky-tonk put on its show, as usual in those days, there were a good many waddies in the place. A negro named Sam Houston, crossed one of the waddies and the [???] on Sam. The negro was branded for the [eternal?] range pronto.

"When the first shot was fired, [??] that we had better leave the neighborhood, but cousin insisted that we stick around to see what would happen. The shooting didn't stop with killing of the colored fellow. A number of the cowhands shot out the lights of the place and others emptied their guns in the 10 air, as a signal to all interested persons that interference would not be tolerated. When the shooting on the inside slowed down, we heard shooting on the outside. We stepped out to see who was being shot and we saw two laws, Bill and Jim Rushing, standing at the side of a pole shooting in the air. They too, were giving the warning signal for folks to not interfere with the show on the inside.

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"I never heard about anything being done to the cowboy who shot the colored flunky. The talk was that the flunky got into the way of a stray bullet while the cowhands were warming up thier six-guns.

"Those days, Fort Worth was surrounded by cow outfits, with a few farms scattered here and there. Any day of the week, and especially Saturdays, the streets were dotted with waddies swaggering with their attier of chaps, guns and J.B. Stetson hat. Without those parts of the cowhands outfit he was undressed. Most all of the waddies were looking for some fun and generally found it any form they desired.

"While at camp the boss spent their off hours in various ways, but cards held the first place as a method of entertainment. There were some mighty good gamblers among the cowhands.

"Our cooky was the best poker player in our outfit. When he came into town for a spell of recreation a porker game was what he hunted for. I know of one winning of \$3000 he pulled down one Saturday night. However, he never held onto his winnings, because he couldn't resist the roulette wheel. At the roulette wheel he couldn't out guess the wheel and little ball 11 as he could a man holding a poker hand.

"Fatty thought he had solved the mystery of the whell one time, but it proved to be a fluk. He came into town one pay day and went straight to a roulette game. It was about mid-day when he sit down to play. the next day at noon he was playing still and sitting on the same stool he started on. he had never stopped long enough for his meals those were brought to him and he ate while playing.

"I had left Fatty playing that pay day and when he failed to drag into camp by the following morning we feared that our chuck fixed had gotten into trouble. It darkened our cloud to have our swell belly-cheater gone and it cause one of the cowhands to do the cooking. So I dragged into town to see what was the trouble. Well, there I found him shoving in

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chips and hauling some back occasionally. At that time it was estimated that he had close to \$5000 stacked around him. He then was so sleepy that he was taking a drink of liquor about every thirty minutes to keep himself going

"I tried to have Fatty cash in and come home with me, but I failed to get him in that mood. I said to him. 'Fatty you are going to sit there till you'r broke or fall of that seat'. He just grunted and kept on playing. He started with his month's wages, except a few/ dollars he may have spent for clothes. I calculated \$5000 was a good winning, but not Fatty.

"I left him at the roulette table and told him I would return in a couple hours. I reckoned that was about the limit of time he could stay awake. When I returned he was leaving 12 the table and the professor was handing Fatty \$1 to buy 'baccy or eats before starting back to camp. Fatty had lost all of his winnings.

"The next day at camp we waddies were cussing Fatty for not quitting the game while he was \$5000 to the good. His answer was, 'hell boys I had \$100 worth of fun out of my month's pay.

"While some of the waddies were strongly bent to gambling, others were just as strong for the art of roping, shooting and riding. There were a great many of the cowhands that were nearly perfect ropers, some perfect shots and others finished riders.

"A waddy named Jones that worked with the Russell outfit a short time was one waddy that could swing a rope where he wanted it and was always practicing when not busy. Many times I have had him rope my conk cover off of my head while botheof us were riding at top speed.

"We had no outstanding [shott?] on the Russell outfit, but we did have one of the best riders in the country and that was Wm Thompson, our top-screw. One of Thompson's accomplishments was his ability to get speed out of a hoss, and that caused the whole lot of us to go [broke?] betting on him in one of his races.

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"One day at noon hour an old fellow came riding into camp on a pert looking animal and the fellow was invited to line his [?] flue which he did. In those days it was the custom to feed a stranger that called and they were welcome to stay until ready to leave. During the meal conversation drifted from one subject another and the visitor informed us he was scouting the country 13 for some moneied folks who were intending to invest in critters. and then the talk drifted around to hosses. The visitor claimed his hoss was the easiest saddle in the country and invited anyone of us to ride the animal out to see what a fine saddle it was.

"Thompson accepted the invitation and rode the hoss. As Thompson started the stranger told Thompson to pour the gut-hooks to the critter and get the animal's top speed. When Thompson returned he proclaimed the critter a good saddle with fair speed. The words fair speed caused the visitor to show resentment and replied:

"Hell, that critter is the fastest animal you ever straddled"

"I [have?] a roan in our remuda that can run rings around that plug of yours", Thompson replied.

"Alright, I won't go back up on my say-so". I must ride out a bit this evening, but when I return we will have a little run and to make it interesting a little bet would be welcome". Was the old fellows come back at us.

"The stranger departed and we calculated that would be the last we would see of him.

"Thompson said the old fellow was jousting us, because the hoss had just common speed and that he knew when a hoss was putting out its best.

"About an hour before sun-down the visitor returned and anounced he was ready for a [little?] run and would take a few bets if it would accomadate [??]. We were all anxious

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to get all 14 our money down [which?] we did and the old fellow covered every cent we showed.

“Well, the race was run and the roan was nearly blinded from dirt thrown and kicked into its face. So, the stranger rode away with around \$200 of good U.S. money and we were all broke.

“Now, here is the low-down on what was pulled on us. The old fellow had two hosses, that one could not tell apart unless the animals stood side by side. The racer he had hid out and while he was suppose to be scouting, he was changing hosses and by that trick took all our change. We learned that the old fellow made cow camps all over the country [??] similar tricks taking the cowhands money.

“I stayed with the Russell outfit till the outfit moved to West Texas, as many camps were doing during the '80's. When I quit the range I went farming and that business I have followed since.